

BEAUTIES
OF
LITERATURE;

Selected from various Authors:

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L . I .

BY HENRY WAYLETT, COMEDIAN.

L E W E S :
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1791.



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1825

THE EDITOR thinks it a duty incumbent to return his most sincere thanks to those Subscribers who so cheerfully have promoted the following little Work. With as much caution as possible, he has kept his original Plan in view, to select such pieces as might blend instruction with amusement, and while the fancy is entertained, the mind may be

A 2 improved.

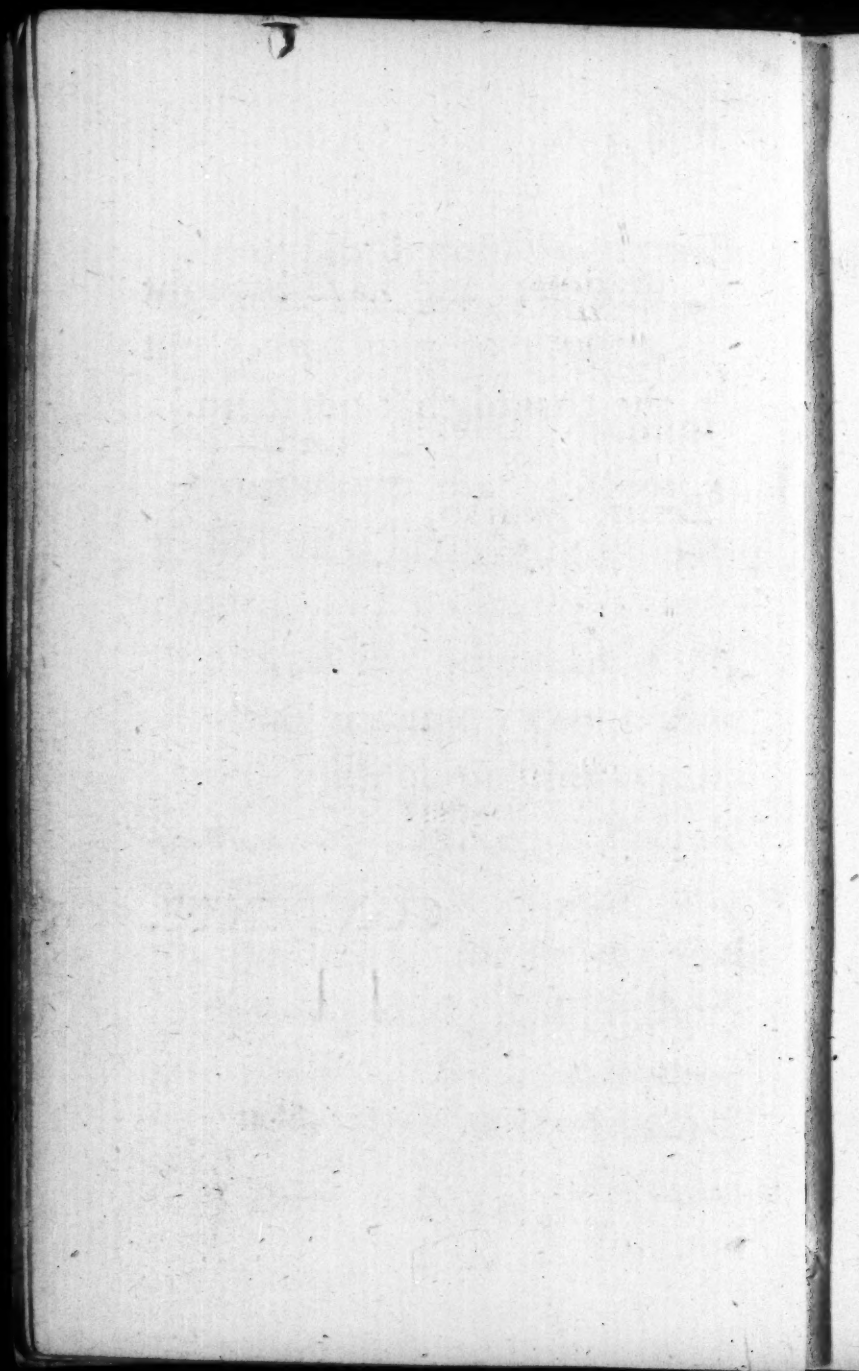
improved. Several things will be found replete with much merit, though not universally known, or rendered extremely popular ; for ‘ Many a
 ‘ flower is born to spread un-
 ‘ seen, and waste its sweet-
 ‘ ness on the desert air.’ If, in the present, the reader meets with something to approve, and nothing to offend, ’tis all the praise he can take to himself ; for to use the words of a celebrated Author, and distinguished Editor—
 ‘ I have here only made a
 ‘ SMALL nosegay of culled
 ‘ flowers,

[v]

‘ flowers, and have brought .
‘ nothing of my own, but
‘ the thread that ties them.’

Lewes, June 10,
1791.

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ERRATUM.

Page 43, line 13—for 'distractiōn,' READ
'distinction.'

Beauties, &c.

Variety in Human Characters.

VIRTUOUS and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits, is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But heav'n's great view is One, and that the
Whole.

That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,

Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief :
 That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise ;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of
 all.

Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or
 pelf,
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
 The learn'd is happy, nature to explore,
 The fool is happy, that he knows no more ;
 The rich is happy, in the plenty giv'n,
 The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.

See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;
The starving chemist in his golden views,
Supremely blest ; the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend ;
See some fit passion, ev'ry age supply ;
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his ripper stage :
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age :
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before ;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
And not a vanity is given in vain ;
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.

See! and confels, one comfort still must rise,
 'Tis this, tho' man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.
 POPE.



National Characters.

FAR to the right where Appenine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
 Her uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
 While oft some temple's mould'ring tops
 between,
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene,
 Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the
 ground ;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied
 year ;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives that blossom but to die ;
 These

These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings ex-
pand

To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles
here.

Contrasted faults through all his manners
reign ;

Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive,
vain ;

Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet
untrue ;

And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.

All evils here contaminate the mind,

That opulence departed leaves behind ;

For wealth was theirs, not 'far remov'd the
date,

When commerce proudly flourish'd through
the state :

At her command the palace learnt to rise,

Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies,

The canvass glow'd beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human
form.

Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sale;
While nought remain'd of all that riches
gave,

But towns unmann'd, and lords without a
slave :

And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n
mind,

An easy compensation seem to find.

Here may be seen in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.

By sports like these are all their cares be-
guil'd,

The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While

While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore
 sway,

Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
Amidst the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger
 pile,

Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn me to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swifs their stormy mansions
 tread,

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly fues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms in-
 vest.

Yet still, even here, Content can spread a
 charm,

Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Though

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts
though small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all ;

Sees no contiguous palace rear its head

To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;

No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal

To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;

But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,

Each with contracting, fits him to the soil,

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,

Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;

With patient angle trolls the finny deep,

Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the
steep ;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark
the way,

And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, every labour sped,

He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys

His children's looks, that brighten at the
blaze ;

While his lov'd partner, boastful of her
hoard,

Displays her cleanly platter on the board :

And

And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds im-
part,

Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And even those hills, that round his mansion
rise,

Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the
forms.

And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's
roar,

But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states as-
sign'd :

Their wants but few, their wishes all con-
fin'd.

Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but
few ;

For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence

Johnny
TO BEAUTIES OF

Whence from such lands each pleasing science
flies,

That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures
cloy,

To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to
flame,

Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the
frame.

Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong
desire ;

Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but
low ;

For, as refinement stops, from fire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run,
And love's and friendship's finely pointed
dart

Fall-blunted from each indurated heart.

Some

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's
breast

May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and
charm the way,

These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners
reign,

I turn ; and France displays her bright do-
main.

Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can
please,

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring
Loire ?

Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr
flew ;

And haply, tho' my harsh touch faltering
still,

But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's
skill ;

Yet

Yet would the village praise my wonderous
pow'r,

And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days

Have led their children through the mirth-
ful maze,

And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,

Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-
score.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms
display,

Thus idly busy rolls their world away :

Theirs are those arts that mind to mind en-
dear,

For honour forms the social temper here.

Honour, that praise which real merit gains,

Or even imaginary worth obtains,

Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,

It shifts in splendid traffic round the land :

From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays;

And all are taught an avarice of praise :

They please, are pleas'd, they give to get
esteem,

Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they
seem.

But

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly
fought,

Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools im-
part ;

Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper
lace ;

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
The mind still turns where shifting passion
draws,

Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland
lies :

Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the
land,

And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently flow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow:
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him
smile;

The flow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign,
Thus while around the wave subjected
foil,

Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that
springs,

With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd
wealth imparts

Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts ;

But

But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear,

Even liberty itſelf is barter'd here.

At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies,

The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys ;

A land of tyrants, and a den of ſlaves,

Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,

And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,

Dull as their lakes that ſlumber in the ſtorm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic fires of old !

Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;

War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow ;

How much unlike the ſons of Britain now !

GOLDSMITH.

Modesty Rewarded.

A CERTAIN cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occasion to the world to call him the Patron of the Poor. This ecclesiastical prince had a constant custom, once a week, to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motions of his own goodness. One day a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty, came into the hall of this cardinal with
her

her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among a crowd of petitioners, the cardinal observing the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. . She blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed herself to him :

“ My lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns, and such is my misfortune, that I have no way left to pay it, except that which would break my heart, (and my landlord threatens to force me to it) which is, to prostitute this my only daugh-

ter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in the principles of virtue. What I beg of your eminence is, that you would be pleased to interpose your authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by honest industry we can procure the money for him." The cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and modest request, bid her be of good courage: then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the woman's hand, "Go," said he, "to my steward, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent." The widow, overjoyed, and returning the
cardinal

cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note. When he had read it, he told out fifty crowns. She, astonished at the circumstance, and not knowing what the cardinal had wrote, refused to take above five crowns, saying, she mentioned no more to his eminence, and she was sure it was some mistake. On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her

her to the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent prince, and he was fully informed of the business; "It is true," said he, "I mistook in writing *fifty* crowns, give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Upon which he wrote again, saying to the woman, "So much modesty and virtue deserves a recompence: here I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up as a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

STRETCH.

To the Sea.

HAIL! thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation! Hail! thou multitudinous ocean! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and after a momentary space, are immersed for ever in oblivion! Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts and their labours, and
give

give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious ! how awful are the scenes thou displayest !—Whether we view thee when every wind is hushed,—when the morning sun silvers the level line of the horizon—or when its evening track is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the over-arching heavens !—Or whether we behold thee in thy terrors !—when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling furge mixes with the clouds,—when death rides the storm,—and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner,

mariner, whose heart is sinking with dismay !

And yet, mighty deep ! 'tis thy surface alone we view—Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain ?—What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation ?—Or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyss ?

The mind staggers with the immensity of her own conceptions,—and when she contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does she shrink at
the

the idea of that Divine Power,
 which originally laid the founda-
 tions so sure, and whose om-
 nipotent voice hath fixed the li-
 mits where thy proud waves shall
 be stayed!—

KEATE.



Ode to Mirth.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
 Whether of Venus or Aurora born!
 Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,
 Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
 Thy glittering colours gay,
 Around him, Mirth, display;
 And o'er his raptur'd sense
 Diffuse thy living influence:

So

So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
 And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
 The grove shall smoothe the horrors of the
 shade,
 And streams and murmurs shall forget to
 flow.
 Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
 And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam
 our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
 And aged Poverty can smile with thee,
 If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
 And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
 The morning opens on high
 His universal eye;
 And on the world doth pour
 His glories in a golden shower.
 Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile
 ray
 Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
 The brood obscene, that own her gloomy
 sway,
 Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of
 morn.

Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheer-
ing light,
Quick, as the light'ning's flash, glide to
sepulchral night.

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide ?
'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,
With Laughter at her side.

Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air ;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Passion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.

Now mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's
prayer ;
No cloud that rides the blast, shall vex the
troubled air.

SMOLLET.

Independence.

Independence.

HAIL ! Independence, hail ! Heaven's
next best gift,

To that of life and an immortal soul !

The life of life ! that to the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste ; to the bow'd
roof

Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage
charms.

Of public Freedom, hail, thou secret Source !
Whose streams from every quarter confluent
form.

My better Nile, that nurses human life.

By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's
wealth

Abundant flows, and blooms with each de-
light

That nature craves. Its happy master there,
The only Freeman, walks his pleasing round:

Sweet-featur'd Peace attending ; fearless
Truth ;

Firm Resolution ; Goodness, blessing all
That can rejoice ; Contentment, surest friend ;
And, still fresh stores from nature's book
deriv'd,

Philosophy, companion ever-new.
These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
When into action call'd, his busy hours.
Mean-time true judging moderate desires,
Oeconomy and Taste, combin'd, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
Whom Fortune heaps, without these Vir-
tues, reach

That truce with pain, that animated ease
That self-enjoyment springing from within ;
That Independence, active, or retir'd,
Which make the soundest bliss of man be-
low :

But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
And drain'd by wants to Nature all un-
known,

A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,
The

Tho' rich, are beggars, and tho' noble,
slaves.

THOMSON.



A Winter Piece.

IT was a winter's evening, and fast came
down the snow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter
blast did blow,
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd
in her way,
Prest her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus
did say :

“ Oh cruel was my father, that shut his
door on me,
And cruel was my mother, that such a sight
could see,

And cruel is the wintry wind that chills my
heart with cold,
But crueller than all, the lad that left my
love for gold !

Hush, hush my lovely baby, and warm
thee in my breast ;
Ah little thinks thy father how sadly we're
distrest ;
For cruel as he is, did he know but how we
fare,
He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter
piercing air.

Cold, cold my dearest jewel ! thy little
life is gone :
Oh let my tears revive thee, so warm that
trickle down :
My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze
before they fall :
Ah wretched, wretched mother ! thou'rt
now bereft of all."

Then

Then down she sunk despairing upon the
 drifted snow,
 And wrung with killing anguish, lamented
 loud her woe ;
 She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by
 her side ;
 Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd
 her head, and died.

A.



The Passions.

[*From the inimitable unimitated manner in which Mr. Palmer recites and acts the Passions, together with the excellence of the Ode, 'twas supposed the insertion would be highly agreeable, especially to those who have had the satisfaction in seeing that truly great performer.*]

W H E N Music, heavenly maid, was
 young,

While yet in early Greece she sung,

The

The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting ;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound.
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In light'nings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With

With woeful measures wan Despair—
 Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the scene prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song ;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every
 close,
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her
 golden hair.
 And longer had she sung,—but, with a
 frown,
 Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thun-
 der down,
 And with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And

And Henry
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat :
 And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause
 between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd
 bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were
 fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,
 Of differing themes the veering song was
 mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving
 call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rai'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,

Pour'd

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive
soul :

And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled mea-
sure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond
delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest
hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket
rung,

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad
known ;

The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-
ey'd queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;

Brown

Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And sport leap'd up and seiz'd his beechen
spear.

Last came Joy's extatic trial,
He with viny crown advancing
First to the lively pipe his hand address,
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the
best.

They would have thought, who heard
the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native
maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the
strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic
round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone un-
bound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
O Music !

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why to us denied ?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd !
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Then all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state !
Confirm the tales her sons relate ?

COLLINS.

VOL. I.

E

Character

Character of the Virtuous Man.

HE who in his youth, improves his intellectual powers in the search of truth and useful knowledge; and refines and strengthens his moral and active powers, by the love of virtue, for the service of his friends, his country and mankind; who is animated by true glory, exalted by sacred friendship for social, and softened by virtuous love for domestic life; who lays his heart open to every other mild and generous affection, and who, to all these, adds a sober masculine piety, equally remote from superstition and enthusiasm; that man

man enjoys the most agreeable youth ; and lays in the richest fund for the honourable action, and happy enjoyment of the succeeding periods of life.

He who, in *manhood*, keeps the defensive and private passions under the wisest restraint ; who forms the most select and virtuous friendships ; who seeks after fame, wealth and power in the road of truth and virtue, and, if he cannot find them in that road, generously despises them ; who, in his private character and connections gives fullest scope to the tender and manly passions, and in his public character and connections serves his

country and mankind, in the most upright and disinterested manner : who, in fine, enjoys the goods of life with the greatest moderation, bear its ills with the greatest fortitude ; and in those various circumstances of duty and trial, maintains and expresses an habitual and supreme reverence and love of God ; that man is the worthiest character in this stage of life ; passes through it with the highest satisfaction and dignity ; and paves the way to the most easy and honourable old age.

Finally, he who, in the *decline of life* preserves himself most exempt from the chagrins
incident

incident to that period ; cherishes the most equal and kind affections ; uses his experience, wisdom and authority in the most fatherly and venerable manner ; acts under a sense of the inspection, and with a view to the approbation of his Maker ; is daily aspiring after immortality, and ripening apace for it ; and having sustained his part with integrity and consistency to the last, quits the stage with a modest and graceful triumph ; this is the best, this is the happiest old man.

Therefore, that whole life of youth, manhood and old age, which is spent after this man-

ner, is the best and happiest
life.

FORDYCE.



Character of a True Friend.

CONCERNING the man you call your friend—tell me, Will he weep with you in the hour of your distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence, when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation?

reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortunes and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the same distraction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and, instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connection, take pleasure
in

in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your “tale of symptoms,” and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit?—And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion

companion—your flatterer—your
seducer—but, believe me, he is
not your friend.

E.



The Tears of Scotland.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war ;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.

Thy

Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks :
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke :
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe, and merry lay,
No more shall chear the happy day :
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !

The

The sons against their fathers stood ;
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd :
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel !

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forfaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns ;
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow,
“ Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
“ Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !”

SMOLLET.

The

The Lascar's Lamentation.

OH hear, a wretched Lascar's cries,
Turn not thine eyes away ;
Helpless and shiv'ring, here he lies,
To poverty a prey.

Forc'd from his native peaceful home,
He wanders here forlorn ;
Hungry and sad, obliged to roam,
From every comfort torn.

Ah ! could I but once more behold
That soil which gave me life,
Within these arms, once more infold
My lov'd, my long-lost wife.'

The white-man then, with haughty air
Might treat me with disdain ;
But Yalpa free'd from black despair,
No longer would complain.

On the cold stones I lay my head,
Oppress'd with want and pain ;
The smallest gift to buy some bread,
I ask—but ask in vain !

Did'st thou but feel the parching thirst ;
Know but one half my grief ;
See my poor heart with anguish burst,
Could'st thou deny relief ?

The Christian rolling in his wealth,
Possess'd with means to bless ;
Enjoying happiness and health,
Thinks not of my distress.

Alas, I faint, my eyes grow dim,
I hasten to the grave ;
Now cruel Christian, pity him
Thou hast refus'd to save.

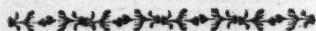
What comfort say, can'st thou receive
When thy last hour is nigh ?
Thou, cruel man, has learnt to live,
But I have learnt to die.

While Yalpa here expiring lies,
 Sweet comfort fills his mind ;
 His soul ascending to the skies,
 Leaves pain and grief behind.

Ye cheerless beams of light adieu !
 Pleas'd I resign my breath ;
 My Zilia I again shall view,
 Shall meet her after death.

But while on earth she's doom'd to stay,
 Unseen I will attend ;
 Then bear her to the realms of day,
 Where bliss shall never end.

A.



The Fire-Side.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In Folly's maze advance ;

Tho'

Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hour employ ;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joy.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies ;
And they are fools who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark ;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise :
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs :
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot :

Monarchs

Monarchs ! we envy not your state ;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
But then how little do we need !

For Nature's calls are few :
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n ;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part ;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter life is seldom sweet;
 But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
 The relicks of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we'll go ;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smoothe the bed of death.

COTTON.

The

The Monkeys. A Tale.

W H O E'ER, with curious eye, hath
rang'd
Through Ovid's tales, has seen
How Jove, incens'd, to Monkeys chang'd
A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon th' offending race
Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
To give them back the human face,
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, footh'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their pray'r !
But t'other half he bade the wind
Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod
That shook the vaulted skies,
With haughtier air the creatures strode,
And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The

The hair in curls luxuriant now
Around their temples spread ;
The tail, that whilom hung below,
Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
Nor alter'd much the face ;
It still retains its native grin,
And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
Jove bade them take their place,
(Restoring them their ancient claim)
Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
Nor would a name bestow,
But woman lik'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a beau.

MERRICK.

The

The Country Clergyman.

N E A R yonder copse, where once the
garden smil'd,

And still where many a garden flower grows
wild,

There, where a few torn shrubs the place
disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was, to all the country dear,

And passing rich with forty pounds a year;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,

Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change
his place,

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,

By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,

More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,

He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their
pain.

The

The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged
breast ;

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims
allow'd ;

The broken foldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow
done, [were won,

Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd
to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his
pride,

And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt,
for all.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the
skies ;

He

He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dis-
 may'd,

The rev'rend champion stood. At his con-
 troul,

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch
 to raise,

And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd
 praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected
 grace,

His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double
 sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to
 pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 Ev'n children follow'd with endearing
 wile,

And pluck'd his gown, to share the good
 man's smile.

His

His ready smile a parent's warmth express,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares
 distress;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
 given,

But all his serious thoughts had rest in
 heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
 storm.

Though round its breast the rolling clouds
 are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.



The Hare and many Friends.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.

The child, who many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care.

'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare,

A Hare, who in a civil way
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies ;
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;
She hears the near advance of death ;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round ;
'Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear, she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view ?

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight ;
To friendship ev'ry burthen's light.

The Horse reply'd ; poor honest Pufs,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus.
Be comforted, relief is near ;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately Bull implor'd ;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord :
Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of friend.
Love calls me hence ; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow ;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind ;
But see, the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye ;
My back, says he, may do you harm ;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd :

Said

Said he was slow, confess'd his fears ;
For hounds eat Sheep, as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by ;
How strong are those ! how weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament ! Adieu,
For see the Hounds are just in view.



Adam and Eve's Morning Hymn.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent
of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,

Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'
rous then !

Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Hea-
vens

To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r
divine

Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without
end.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smil-
ing morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy
sphere,

While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and
foul,

Acknowledge

Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his
praise

In thy eternal course, both when thou
climb'st,

And when high noon hast gain'd, and when
thou fall'st

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now
fly'st

With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that
flies,

And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up
light.

Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless
change

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise

From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,

Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,

In honour to the world's great Author rise!

Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd
sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.

His praise ye Winds, that from four quarters
blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops,
ye Pines,

With every plant in sign of worship wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his
praise.

Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,

That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,

Bear on your wings and in your notes his
praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk

The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;

Witness if I be silent, morn or even,

To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade

Made vocal by my song, and taught his
praise.

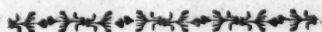
Hail universal Lord! be bounteous still

To give us only good; and if the night

Have

Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.



The Honest Lawyer.

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground,
Where few, I fear, are faithful found,
Mine be the conscience void of blame,
The honest heart, the upright name,
The tribute of the widow's prayer,
The righted orphan's grateful tear;
To virtue and her friends, a friend,
Still may my voice the weak defend,
And never wrest the spirit of laws,
To sanctify a villain's cause.
Let others with a treach'rous hand,
Scatter their poison through the land;
Inflame dissensions, kindle strife,
And strew with ills the path of life:

On

On them her gifts, may fortune shower,
Add wealth to wealth, and power to power ;
On me may favouring Heaven bestow,
That bliss which good men only know ;
The joy of joys, by few possess'd,
The eternal sunshine of the breast.
Illegal riches, honours, I'll resign,
The praise of honesty be mine,
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
And poor men bless me when I die.

L.

*Advice to a Parent.*

CONSIDER thou who art a
Parent the importance of thy
trust, and that the helpless be-
ing thou hast produced, it is thy
duty to support.

Prepare him early with in-
struction,

struction, and season his mind with the maxims of truth—watch the bent of his inclination—set him right in his youth, and let no evil habit gain strength with his years. Teach him obedience, and he shall bless thee—teach him modesty, and he shall not be ashamed—teach him gratitude and he shall receive benefits—teach him charity, and he shall gain love—teach him temperance, and he shall gain wealth—teach him prudence, and fortune shall attend him—teach him justice, and he shall be honoured by the world—teach him sincerity, and his own heart shall not reproach him—teach him diligence,

ligence, and his own wealth
shall increase—teach him bene-
volence, and his mind shall be
exalted—teach him science, and
his life shall be useful—teach him
religion, and his death shall be
happy !

G.



Sonnet. On Conscience.

WHAT form is that, so hateful to my
sight !

With eyes so dull, and cheeks of yellow
hue !

It shrinks by day, and wanders in the night,
And sips of nothing but the mizzly dew.

Why

Why lurks the monster still around my
head,

To steal that sleep which pity would be-
stow ?

Why does the fiend thus harrafs me in bed,
And whisper nothing but a tale of woe ?

'Tis Conscience ! child of horror and despair,
The sting of man—the enemy of peace !

'Tis that which fills the soul with bitter fear,
And goads the heart, and bids its flum-
bers cease.

Strange mystery ! that man, that coward
slave,

Should sink beneath its weight, and live but
in the grave.

SOLON.

The

*To a Friend on his Wife's Birth
Day.*

THO' sad misfortune o'er thy youthful
day

Threw, for awhile, her melancholy shade,
Yet, let thy grateful heart with rapture say —

“ One blessing far has every ill o'erpaid ;

“ Still let this day be sacred held and dear,

“ That gave the world my best and firm-
est friend,

“ That bade Maria's pleasing form appear,

“ On whom my hopes, my life, my all
depend !”

Blest is the man, whatever fate betide,

Whatever fame or fortune may decree,
Who safe from all the busy world, can hide
In one dear breast his joy and misery.

This

This lot the favour'd sons of virtue know,
Whose hearts are constant, and whose
minds are pure,
Long on my friend, may heaven this bliss
bestow,
From chance protect it, and from change
secure.

P.

*Alwin and Rena.*

ASK you, why round yon hallow'd
grave

The myrtle and the laurel bloom ?
There sleep the lovely and the brave ;
Oh shed a tear upon their tomb !

“ Oh ! cease my love, these vain alarms ! ”

For war prepar'd, young Alwin said—

“ For I must quit my Rena's arms

“ My bleeding country asks my aid ! ”

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“ Yes,

“ Yes, I will check this bursting sigh ;
“ Yes, I will check these flowing tears :
“ A smile shall brighten in my eye ;
“ My bosom shall dispel its fears !

“ You, try, indeed, to force a smile,
“ Yet sorrows’ drops bedew your cheek ;
“ You speak of peace—yet, ah ! the while,
“ Your sighs will scarcely let you speak !

“ Go Alwin ! Rena bids thee go ;
“ She bids thee seek the fields of death :
“ Go Alwin, rush amid the foe,
“ Go, and return with vict’rys wreath !”

A thrilling blast the trumpet blew ;
The milk-white courser paw’d the ground :
A mix’d delight young Alwin knew ;
While Rena shudder’d at the sound.

Yet strove to check the rising fears,
Which now with double fury swell ;
And, faintly smiling thro’ her tears
She falter’d out a long “ farewell !”

Three tedious moons, with cheerless ray,
Had vainly gilt the face of night ;
Nor yet the hero took his way,
To bless his drooping fight !

At length thro' Rena's fav'rite grove,
When now the fourth her radiance shed ;
He came—and vict'ry's wreath was wove—
But, ah !—around a lifeless head !

Distracted at the blasting fight,
To yonder tall cliffs bending brow,
With beating breasts, she urg'd her flight,
And would have fought the waves below !

But while, with steady gaze, she view'd
The foaming billows, void of fear,
Religion at her right hand stood,
And whisper'd to her soul “ forbear !”

And now the storm of grief was o'er ;
Yet melancholy's weeping eye
Distill'd the slow and silent show'r,
Nor ceas'd—'till life's own springs were
dry !

For this, around yon hallow'd grave
 The myrtle and the laurel bloom ;
 There sleep the lovely, and the brave ;
 Oh ! shed a tear upon their tomb.

B.



The Convict's Petition.

AT length emerg'd from yon opprobri-
 ous cell,
 This shameful front hath met the public
 eye

At length ye fleeting scenes of life farewell !
 And close on—a wretch prepar'd to die.

What tho' the tide of complicated woe,
 Hath since the barriers firm of vice o'er
 born ;

What though pent up from all that's dear
 below,

My grief-rent heart hath never ceas'd to
 mourn.

What

What though reflection hath a gloom o'er
spread,

Oft as it trac'd unnumber'd follies past,
What though my bonds have to repentance
led,

And arm'd myself resignant soul at last.

Compunction for a wife, the friend of truth,
Whose steady heart from virtue never
swerv'd

And sad remorse for my poor childrens
youth,

My firmness have disarm'd, my soul un-
nerv'd.

Oh ye that throng and press to see my fall,
My latest pangs and penitence to scan,
O slight not now misfortunes latest call,
Nor shut your eyes against a dying man.

Though terror armed justice lifts on high

Her angry rod, and executive sword ;

Tho' thoughts of death have rais'd a fre-
quent sigh,

And oft' in silence I've my fate deplor'd.

Oh spare my orphan babes and guiltless wife,
Suppress the tale of calumny and shame ;
And let the day that robs their fire of life,
From mem'ry's tablet wipe my guilty
name.

To screen from famine's too oppressive pow'r,
The infant cluster that exclaim'd for
bread ;
I wrought-a deed, O most disastrous hour,
When at affections' summons virtue fled !

With-hold not then compassion's cheering
store,
I ask not for myself the precious boon,
For those, alas ! I plead who need it more,
For death shall close on me and misery
soon.

Yet, yet, ye messengers of death forbear,
One sentence more my justice would unfold ;
A truth which well impatient youth might
hear,
Nor less a lesson to the grave and old.

Drop

Drop not the reins of caution from your grasp,
But early quell each bold advance to vice,
Lest your imprudence like the 'venom'd asp,
Into the fatal snare your steps entice.

Heaven grant my words, the clouds of guilt
dispel,

My fate instruct mankind this rock to fly,
And now, ye fleeting scenes of life, fare-
well !

Come, close upon a wretch prepar'd to
die.

C. A.

The

*The Vanity and Brevity of Life ;
from the speech of Arceſius to
Telemachus, in the 19th book.*

ONE generation paſſes away
after another, like the waves of
a rapid river, and time, ruſhing
on with ſilent, but irrefiſtible
ſpeed, carries with him all that
can beſt pretend to permanence
and ſtability. Even thou, O
my ſon ! alas ! even thou, who
art now happy in the vigour,
the vivacity, and the bloom of
youth ; ſhalt find this lovely ſea-
ſon ſo fruitful of delight, a tran-
ſient flower, that fades as ſoon as
it

it is blown : without having been conscious thou wert changing—thou wilt perceive thyself changed : the train of graces and pleasures, that now sport around thee, health, vigour and joy, shall vanish like the phantoms of a dream, and leave thee nothing but a mournful remembrance, that they once were thine —Old age shall insensibly steal upon thee ; that enemy to joy, shall diffuse, through thee, his own languors ; shall contract thy brow into wrinckles, incline thy body to the earth, enfeeble every limb, and dry up, for ever, that fountain of delight, which now springs in thy breast : thou shalt

thalt look round upon all that is present with disgust ; anticipate all that is future, with dread ; and retain thy sensibility, only for pain and anguish. This time appears to thee, to be far distant—but alas ! thou art deceived, it approaches with irresistible rapidity, and is, therefore, at hand : that which draws near so fast, can never be remote ; and the present, for ever flying, is remote already ; even while we speak it is past, and it returns no more. Let the present, therefore, be light in thy estimation ; tread the path of virtue, however rugged, with perseverance, and fix thine eye upon futurity. *The*

The Grecian Fabulist.

ONCE on a time, a son and fire, we're told,

(The stripling tender, and the father old)

Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,

To ease their limbs, and hawk about their
ware;

But as the sluggish animal was weak,

They fear'd, if both should mount, his back
would break.

Up gets the boy; the father leads the ass,

And thro' the gazing crowd attempts to pass.

Forth from the throng the grey-beards hob-
ble out,

And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout:

"This the respect to rev'rend age you show?

"And this the duty you to parent owe?

"He beats the hoof, and you are set astride,

"Sirrah get down, and let your father ride."

As Grecian youths were seldom void of
grace,

The decent dutious lad resign'd his place.

Then

Then a fresh murmur thro' the rabble ran ;
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the
man. [ture !

“ Sure, never was brute beast so void of na-

“ Have you no pity for the pretty creature ?

“ To your own baby can you be unkind ?

“ Here—Suke, Bill, Betty, put the child
behind.”

Old dapple next the clown's compassion
claim'd : [asham'd ;

“ 'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't

“ Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast !

“ They might as well have carry'd he at
least.”

The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount, and bear the ass. Then what a
noise ! [joke,

Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter
From the yet silent fire these words provoke :

“ Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther
call : [all !”

“ Vain his attempt who strives to please them
FOOTE.